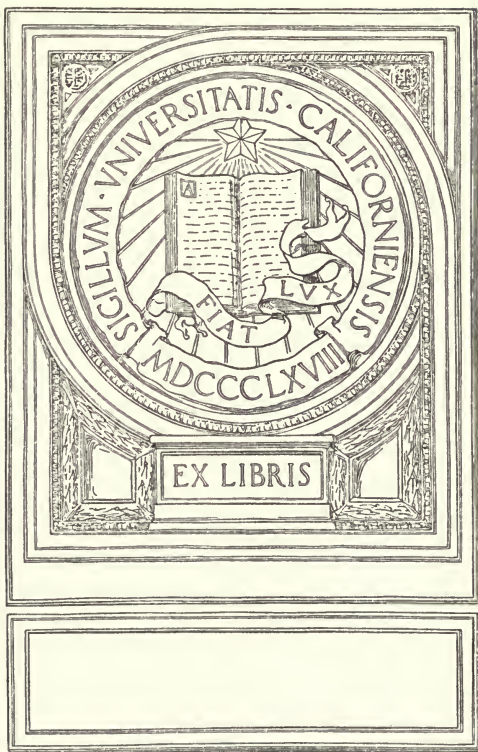


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BALLADS of the



REVOLUTION

CO. MUNRO & CO., 137 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

C. H. Quinby, Wheeling, Virginia.

To be Issued July 14.

MUNRO'S TEN CENT NOVEL, No. 70.

MAD NANCY,

THE

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A Tale of the Irish Republic.

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GEORGE MUNRO & Co., Publishers,

137 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

BALLADS OF THE REVOLUTION.

By J. C. HAGEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FOOTPRINTS OF TRUTH."



New York:
GEORGE MUNRO & CO., PUBLISHERS,
137 WILLIAM STREET.

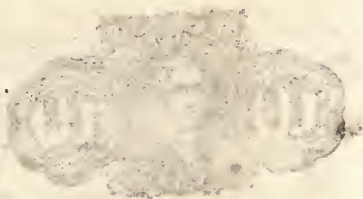
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PREFACE.

The author of this little volume was prompted to his task by the belief that, in rendering into familiar verse, some of the many instances of individual courage, heroism, and self-sacrifice with which our revolutionary history abounds, he would be doing a not unwelcome service to the juvenile portion of the community.

In the composition of these ballads he has adhered as closely as possible to the historical facts, believing that any attempt at embellishment would only detract from the interest of the narrative.

How far he has succeeded in his undertaking is for the public to judge.

The Bard of Eld.

I knew a bard, an ancient bard,
 With head as white as snow,
 Who sang to me the days of old—
 The days of long ago!
 His eyes were dim, his palsied hand
 No more the pen could hold;
 And I for him did write his words
 As they to me were told.
 Full many a weary march he had,
 And stubborn fight gone through,
 And loved to dwell upon the past,
 As most old people do.
 "I sing," he said, "the good old days—
 The days of long ago;
 But 'mong those good old days, I wot
 Were many days of woe:
 "With scenes of terror, scenes of joy,
 And deeds of daring brave—
 And some of these perhaps my words
 May from oblivion save."
 He sleeps in peace, the good old man,
 His grave is near the tree,
 Within whose shade his favorite seat
 In summer used to be.

“Old Put’s” Ride.

Men have mounted wild steeds, and escaped with
their lives,

Holding on without bridle or check;
But who ever took such a dare-devil ride
As the ride of Old Put at Horseneck?

With a handful of men, on the brow of the hill
(An hundred and fifty all told),
His post against Tryon’s o’erwhelming force,
Putnam saw ’t would be madness to hold.

And Tryon exultingly thought of his scheme,
For nothing on earth seemed more sure;
He fancied he’d caught the old fox in a trap,
And hasten’d his prize to secure.

“Save yourselves in yon swamp,” said Old Put to
his men;

“No horseman will follow you there;
When they come after me I shall show them a
trick—
Let them follow my lead if they dare.”

“They think they have got me, the rascals,” he
said,

As the foemen came dangerously near;
“Pretty small is the chance in the front, it is true,
And it looks rather black in the rear.”

So steep was the hillside it seemed like a wall—
Stone steps rising shelf over shelf;
To descend it on foot was no holiday feat—
On horseback was madness itself.

On on came the troopers—almost in his face
The sword of the foremost one flashed;
When spurring his charger he waved them adieu!
And over the precipice dashed.

The hoofs of the horse striking fire as he went,
'T was a sight one may not often behold;
The horse and the rider, so much seeming one,
Might have passed for a centaur of old.

“He has dashed out his brains!” said the troopers,
aghast;
And they sprang to the hillside his corpse to behold;
But what do they see? On the plain at their feet
He is galloping off, the old warrior bold.

They fired their carbines, they shouted, they swore;
Then wheeling about round the hill sought the
plain;

But all to no purpose—the start was too great—
And firing and cursing and riding were vain.

With a ball through his beaver old Putnam sped on,
His foes all left far in the rear—

While Tryon rode back without catching the fox,
And with only a *flea* in his ear.

Miss Langston.

A LEGEND OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

No chieftain's prowess do I laud,
No statesman's glories sing;
But to a noble-hearted girl
My humble tribute bring.

'T was when old South Carolina
Felt the Briton's scourging hand,
And Tory bands, like hungry wolves,
Went prowling through the land.

When the Bloody Scout* were ravaging
The country far and wide,
And their ruthless hands laid desolate
Full many a fireside.

O, many a deed of bravery
By woman then was done,
That would have for the noblest man
A wreath of glory won.

Miss Langston is the daughter
Of an aged patriot sire,
And her own generous bosom glows
With all a patriot's fire.

*The Bloody Scout was an organized band of Tories, who committed fearful depredations at that time.

Her brother, with a faithful band,
Lies many miles away—
The Bloody Scout have vowed their doom
Before another day.

And she, tho' dark and drear the night,
To all her friends unknown,
To warn them of the threatened harm,
Has left her home alone.

Through wood and vale she wends her way,
Through mire and tangled grass,
Through many a swollen rivulet,
And many a deep morass.

The Tiger is a raging stream,
Its waters deep and wide,
And there's no bridge or ferryboat
For those who cross the tide.

But she must reach the other side,
And hurry on her way;
For life and death are in her hands,
And she may not delay.

Neck deep in water—now she gains
The middle of the tide—
So dark the night she cannot see
The shore on either side.

A while bewildered now she stands,
Her courage almost fled—
When putting up a prayer to Heaven
She walks with firmer tread.

Tho' safe upon the other side,
The journey still is long ;
But what cares she for weary miles,
Whose faith and hope are strong ?

Tho' cold and wet, unfalt'ringly
She stoutly presses on ;
And with delight the patriot camp
She reaches ere the dawn.

" Now haste, ye gallant men," she said,
" And bid the country rise ;
The Bloody Scout are on their way
To take you by surprise !"

" With toilsome marching day and night,
We're weary," said the men ;
" And we require both food and rest
Ere setting out again."

Then, wet and weary as she was,
" Not long," exclaimed the maid,
" If I your breakfast may prepare,
Your march shall be delayed !"

Then quickly, at the maiden's wish,
The golden meal was brought ;
And quickly, by her fair white hands,
Was into hoecake wrought.

The men from off the cottage roof
The boards for fuel take—
The blazing embers speedily
The ready hoecake bake.

And every man—within his pouch
 A goodly portion stow'd—
 To rouse the country, far and near,
 Is soon upon the road.

And all the country, far and near,
 Did at their bidding rise;
 And 't was the Bloody Scout that day
 Were taken by surprise!

The Hessian Woman in Burgoyne's Camp.

O, daring may the soldier be,
 By Glory's call inspired;
 But braver is the woman's heart
 By love and duty fired!

"On Fish Creek Burgoyne was lying,"
 Said the hoary bard of old;
 "His host, already in their camp,
 As prisoners we held."

The fever raged among his men,
 And thirst and famine dread—
 (O, may you never know the want
 Of water and of bread!)

It must have been a fearful state,
Without a drop to drink!
Though lying, as they were, almost
Upon the river's brink.

On one hand tho' the Hudson broad
Displayed its glassy tide,
And Fish Creek's sparkling waters bright
Foamed on the other side.

Yet seldom to the guarded shores
The British soldiers came—
Too many, to their cost, had learned
Our rifle's deadly aim!

But, trusting to our gallantry,
The women, now and then,
Would fearlessly approach the shore,
So dreaded by the men.

Yet little water could they get,
For, tho' unharmed were they,
Their pails we riddled with our shot,
And frightened them away.

But one poor Hessian woman came,
Who seemed oppressed with woe—
She had a wounded husband,
And we let her come and go.

We let her pass unnoticed quite,
For all her story knew;
And who could think of harming one
So loving and so true?

She came not when the others came,
Nor with a pail, as they ;
She brought an earthen pitcher,
And filled it twice a day.

The bank was sloping where she came,
And open to the view ;
And well do I remember
The last pitcherful she drew.

'T was before Burgoyne's surrender,
A day or two at most,
And hope had long departed from
The leader and his host—

This poor woman, unmolested,
Sought the stream as heretofore ;
And with the sparkling water
Had her pitcher filled once more.

We had with us one Ben Barlow,
Better known among the men,
From his swaggering and boasting,
By the name of *Roasting Ben*.

"You see that woman there," said Ben ;
"I'll bet, from where I stand,
I'll shatter with a rifle ball
The pitcher in her hand !"

"Shame ! shame !" we shouted, "peril not
The life of one so kind ;
But wait until your boasted aim
A fitter mark shall find."

"Well may you grieve, my comrades brave,"

He answered sneeringly,

"If that old woman chance to lose or sell

A bit of crockery!"

Then he raised his gun and fired,

Ere we his arm could stay;

The woman fell without a groan,

And by the water lay.

Now, crawling to the river's brink,

Her husband met our view—

His arms about his murdered wife

In agony he threw.

There both, as if in Death's embrace,

Upon the shore they lay,

Until their pitying comrades came

And carried them away.

No shot we fired at them now,

But sorrowing looked on;

And when we sought for Boasting Ben,

We found that he was gone!

Contempt, he knew, had been his lot,

If he had dared to stay;

And he has never since been seen,

Or heard of, from that day!

John Harper.

A LEGEND OF SCHOHARIE.

Schoharie's hills and valleys
Are in their brightest sheen,
The summer sun is setting
On hill and valley green.

But why such anxious faces
Amid a scene so fair?
What means on yonder hillside
The crowd that gathers there?

Is that the brave John Harper
On yonder gallant steed?
"It is! it is!" the people shout,
"God sends him in our need."

Up to the crowd John Harper
Rode leisurely along—
"What means," he said, alighting,
"This terror-stricken throng?"

"Look! look!" they answered, pointing
To the smoke on every hand.

"Behold our dwellings, fired
By some prowling savage band."

"'Tis that Tory thief, McDaniel,"
Muttered Harper, "at his sport,
And my name is not John Harper
If his visit be not short."

* A noted Tory leader of the time.

Then, vaulting in his saddle,
Not another word he said,
Save, "I am for Schenectady,
Whence I shall bring you aid."

"Now heed thee well, John Harper,
Each anxious matron cried,
"For savage foes are lurking
In thy path on every side."

He staid not for their warning,
For thanks he did not stay,
Before their words could reach him
He was dashing on his way.

A beast of better mettle
Did never man bestride,
And tho' through paths by foes beset,
Thou 'st many miles to ride.

With pistols at thy girdle,
And rifle on thy arm,
Bold will he be, John Harper,
Who dares to do thee harm.

But night lowers, dark and gloomy,
And man and beast must rest,
Yon roadside inn must hold to-night
No very welcome guest.

Well did John Harper know his host
A secret foe to be,
But far too cunning to betray
His enmity was he.

With doors and windows bolted well,
With arms prepared for need,
His open, or his secret foes,
Not much did Harper heed.

But hark to smothered voices—
“Beware! my friends, beware!”
’T is certain death to him who first
Puts foot upon the stair.

“The man is armed and daring,
Tho’ six stout men you be;
He has within his keeping
The lives, at least, of three.”

The men the warning heeded
To whom the landlord spoke,
And Harper was upon the road
Long ere the morning broke.

Now Harper over yonder bridge,
Held by the foe, must ride;
He sees the armed sentinel
Upon the further side.

The guard has spied the rider—
“A friend of ours,” thought he,
“For never foe would dare to cross
Our path so fearlessly.”

But to himself the sentinel
The words had scarcely said,
When Harper’s deadly rifle
Was leveled at his head.

“Raise not an arm,” said Harper,
“And not a word from thee ;
Sure as thou disobeyest,
Thy life shall forfeit be.”

Then Harper in the saddle turned,
His rifle pointed still
Full at the sentinel, rode on
Till sheltered by a hill.

“Now heed thee well, John Harper,
A foe is on thy track—
A foe of savage daring
Who cunning doth not lack.”

But Harper is no dreamer
When danger lingers near.
What sound from yonder cross-road
Has fallen on his ear ?

The bloody Sithing Henry,*
A daring Indian, tries
To cross our hero's pathway,
And take him by surprise.

But at the turning of the road,
Well may the savage start
To see a deadly rifle
Full leveled at his heart !

“Now turn thee back,” said Harper,
“At thy horse's swiftest speed,
Or I will quickly send thee
Where thy horse thou wilt not need.”

* The name of a savage noted for his deeds of cruelty.

No word dare Sithing Henry say,
Nor raise his arm in fight,
But, wheeling round, rode off again,
And soon was out of sight.

“O! were it not my telltale gun
Might rouse the lurking foe,
That scalping devil,” Harper said,
“Should not so cheaply go.”

Now joy reigns in Schoharie,
O'er hill and valley fair,
For not a painted savage
Or Tory lingers there.

And thanks to thee, John Harper,
And to thy valiant band,
The praises of thy gallant deeds
Are ringing through the land!

Rodger Bell;

OR, THE JERSEY PRISON-SHIP.

“Be seated, friends,” the old man said,
“I have a tale to tell;
It is about a friend of mine—
His name was Rodger Bell.”

“This Rodger Bell has now been dead
Some thirty years or more;
He was a man somewhat in years
At closing of the war.”

“He lived upon Long Island’s shore;
A sailor good was he,
For he, like all his brothers, had
Been brought up to the sea.

“We could not boast a navy then;
But in the bays about,
Whaleboats to act as privateers
Were often fitted out.

“He had command of one of these
Light craft upon the sound;
And soon his name a terror grew
To all the Tories round.

“For Bell was cunning as a fox,
While fear he never knew;
And never did a daring chief
Command a braver crew.

“But I shall give in his own words,
As near as it may be,
The story of his sufferings
As it was told to me.”

“T would ill become me now to boast,
Said Bell, of what was done
By me and my heroic band,
Or all the booty won.

I once could tell of daring deeds,
Almost beyond belief;
I only tell one story now,
And that is one of grief:

A vessel with a cargo rich
Was coming in, I knew;
To capture her I had secured
A well-selected crew.

I had a son, an only son,
Then in his nineteenth year;
A lad whom danger thrilled with joy,
A lad who knew not fear.

And yet he had a gentle heart,
That felt for other's pain;
His bitterest foe, if in distress,
Would his compassion gain.

My son had often begged that he
One of our crew might make,
But I forbade it for his own
And for his mother's sake.

But this time in disguise he came,
The place of one to fill,
Who, lucklessly, upon that day
It chanced was taken ill.

I did not recognize my boy
'Till we were underweigh;
'Twas then too late to make a change;
Our trade brooked no delay.

With little loss on either side,
The prize we had secured,
And snugly in a sheltering cove
The vessels we had moored.

But while our cheaply-captured prize
We were rejoicing o'er,
A band of Tories, strongly armed,
Appeared upon the shore.

And hardly had we shoved in haste
Our vessel from the land,
When I beheld among our foes
My son upon the strand.

I sprang again upon the shore,
My dauntless boy to aid;
But here the odds were ten to one,
And we were pris'ners made.

Into the Jersey prison-ship
My boy and I were thrown,
Whose inmates suffered miseries,
Till then almost unknown.

For cruelties inflicted there

I cannot find a name,
I can but say our keepers knew
No pity or no shame.

They gave us rancid pork to eat,
With black and mouldy bread;
The very pigs upon the street
On better fare are fed.

Without a breath of wholesome air,
And scarce a ray of light;
O, long and weary was the day,
And sleepless was the night.

The loathsomeness, the filthiness,
No words of mine can tell;
And even now it sickens me
Upon those scenes to dwell.

Yet I had suffered patiently
Without a single moan,
And no complaint had passed my lips,
Had I but been alone.

My noble boy bore up a while,
But sickness came at last,
And he, tho' uttering no complaint,
I saw was sinking fast.

And I could not endure to see
My son by inches die,
Without an effort being made
To ease his sufferings try.

We all had of the hospital
A loathing and a dread;
Each comrade we saw carried there
We deemed already dead.

I knew my son must soon be torn
From me and taken there;
The fearful prospect filled us both
With horror and despair.

I felt he never could survive
Were we thus forced apart,
And well I knew the death of him
Would break his mother's heart.

But when our sufferings had reached
The last extremity,
There came a prospect of escape
We had not hoped to see.

It was resolved one stormy night,
By pris'ners three or four,
To strive their liberty to gain
By swimming to the shore.

And one of these, who knew me well,
At parting promised me,
Should he succeed he would return
With aid to set us free.

We had the plan considered well,
And fixed upon the day—
Or rather night, the hour and all,
Before he went away.

But while I prayed he might succeed,
For his and for our sake,
I fear'd our generous friend would fail
His own escape to make.

Yet he succeeded and returned,
As he had promised me,
With two of my own crew, resolved
To die or set me free.

And in the darkness of the night,
And with a favoring tide,
They brought their boats, with muffled oars,
Up to the vessel's side.

Our berth close by a porthole was,
Tho' closed and bolted fast ;
We found the means of opening this,
And out through it we passed.

Our foes were soon in hot pursuit,
They having learned our flight,—
But our escape was favored by
The darkness of the night.

Their bullets whistled past our ears,
And struck the water near,
But from such random shots we thought
There was not much to fear.

We soon were far beyond their reach,
And when the shore we won,
The mother stood upon the beach
To greet her long lost son.

Into the boat she sprang, and clasped
Him to her bosom warm ;
But Oh ! what horror thrilled her heart—
She clasped his lifeless form !

One of the bullets fired at us
Had struck him in the side,
And he had sank upon his seat,
Without a groan, and died !

I've lived, continued Rodger Bell,
To see my country free,
And I rejoice for others' sake
That such a thing should be.

But what to me is country now ?
Or liberty, or life ?
With shattered frame and childless home,
And poor heart-broken wife !

Death of Gen. Warren.

O, Bunker Hill was a gallant fight
To be remembered well,
And yet it grieved us, too, for there
The noble Warren fell !
And many a valiant one beside
Upon that day did fall ;
And much we mourned for them, but Oh !
For Warren most of all.

Yes, though it was a time for joy,
'T was one for sadness, too ;
In many a happy home there would
Be wailing now, we knew.
And all the land would weep the brave
— We could no more recall—
Our noble-hearted martyred sons—
And Warren most of all !

And yet it fired the People's heart
With strength and courage new,
And all resolved with one accord
To doubly dare and do ;
And pledged themselves that vengeance dire
Should on the Briton fall,
For ruined homes and slaughtered sons,
And Warren most of all !

And now, when war has passed away,
And peace has come again,
And Freedom's flag triumphantly
Floats over hill and plain,
Still, mid the universal joy,
A gloom at times will fall
Upon our hearts, for heroes slain,
And Warren most of all!

Robert Brice.

A LEGEND OF RENSSSELÆRVILLE.

Ah! little ye think in these peace-loving days,
As ye cozily sit by the fire's warm blaze,
Of the toils and the horror your fathers endured
In the struggle that all your rich blessings secured!
When yon fields, that now drink but the life-
giving flood,
Were drenched in a torrent of innocent blood;
And the mother at night clasped her baby in fear,
Lest the yell of the savage should ring in her ear,
And her innocent babe from her arms should be
wrung,
Or its life-blood be spilt on the breast where it
clung!

Robin Brice had set out
At the dawn of the day,
With a grist for the mill
That 's nine long miles away.

"But eleven years old,"
Says the mother; "too bad
To put such a task
On so tender a lad!"

But his brother and father
At work are away,
And the grist to the mill
Must be carried to-day.

So Robin is placed
On a good trusty nag,
Filled with grain on before him,
Well lashed, is the bag.

And the boy is, I trow,
Not a little elate,
At being deemed worthy
A charge of such weight.

Loit'ring through forests,
And wading through streams,
Like a holiday frolic
The long journey seems.

The grist has been ground,
And the day wanes apace,
And nine long miles back,
Through the darkness to trace,

Present not the charm
They presented before
To the boy, when in daylight
He traveled them o'er.

His friend, Captain Diltz,
Lived three miles on the way—
At his house, thought the boy,
For the night I can stay ;

My brother, who helping
Our neighbor, is there,
Full gladly his bed
And his supper I'll share.

Yet not so lighthearted
As starting at morn,
He mounted at eve
His good nag to return.

For visions before him
In fancy were spread,
Of blood-thirsty Tories
And savages dread.

Dread visions, alas!
But foreshadowings slight
Of horrors, poor lad,
Thou shall witness to-night!

But his terror soon flies,
For delighted he sees
The house of his friend
Peering out through the trees.

Now, a moment or two
And he reaches the gate ;
But to open it, why
Does the lad hesitate ?

Ah, well may his heart
Shrink with terror dismayed
For the strong swarthy hand
On his bridle is laid

Of a dark form that seems
To rise out of the ground!
It makes not a gesture;
It utters no sound.

But the grim painted visage,
And dark frowning brow,
The boy plainly tell
In whose hands he is now.

All silent with wonder,
And trembling with fear,
Led on by the savage,
The house he draws near;

And he sees in the glare
Of the setting sun red,
Where eight of his friends
In the pathway lie dead!

Their blood-dripping scalps
On a pole had been strung,
Which a savage before him
Exultingly swung!

To trees his poor brother
And Diltz had been tied—
No living friend had he
Now left there beside.

The rest had been murdered,
The young and the old,
And lay stretched on the ground
In their blood, scarcely cold!

There was blood on the door-step,
And blood on the floor,
And the savages' hands
Were still reeking with gore!

Grim savage forms
In the farm-house he sees,
By the hay-stack, the barn,
In and out 'mong the trees.

Nine horses have they,
And have loaded them well
With spoils from the scene.
Of their butchery fell.

And the savages now,
In the red glaring light
Of the houses they've fired,
Prepare for the flight.

Unbound from the trees
Are the pris'ners once more,
And, tied to each other,
Are driven before.

But toilsome and weary
The task were to tell,
Of all on their journey
The prisoners befel—

Of the fruitless pursuit,
And the hurry of flight—
Of the toils of the day,
And the fears of the night—

Of their horror, as dread
Of starvation there came,
When the Indians no longer
Dare shoot at the game,

Lest their foes the report
Of the rifle might hear,
Whom their instincts told them
Were hovering near ;

And they had already
Abandoned, in fright,
The cumbrous booty
Impeding their flight—

Of the cruel treatment
Through which they passed,
When the Indian village
They reached at last—

How unhappy Diltz
Of their cruelty died,
And the brothers were torn
From each other's side ;

Long Sundered and suffering,
And meeting no more
'Til after the close
Of a long, bloody war.

But who can describe
The poor mother's delight,
When the child so long lost
Once more greeted her sight ?

" Thy brother we knew
Was still living," she said :

" But thee, my poor son,
We 'd long wept for as dead.

" But the tears that in sorrow
I've shed, my dear boy,
Are nought to the tears
I am shedding for joy."

Still lives Robert Brice, though old and gray,
Still may he live for many a day ;
And still to his grandchild's children tell
The stories they love to hear so well.

Lydia Darrah.

HOW SHE SAVED THE AMERICAN ARMY.

In wretched plight at Valley Forge
The patriot army lay ;
In Philadelphia General Howe
Was feasting night and day.

But though the city seemed to smile
Upon the invading host,
Full many a brave and faithful friend
The patriots there could boast.

Good Lydia Darrah hated war—
A Quakeress was she—
Yet Lydia loved her country well,
And longed to see it free.

Now, Lydia's house was often made
A place of rendezvous
By British officers, when they
Had secret work to do.

It was a cosy, quiet place,
Her upper room ; and hence
The very place such men would choose
For private conference.

For where could conference be held
So secret and secure
As in the quiet home of one
So sober and demure ?

The second of December
Is a cold and frosty night,
And the cosy room is all ablaze
With fire and with light.

The General would meet some friends,
And, " Lydia," says he,
" You and your household will retire
As early as may be.

" Our stay, perhaps, may be prolonged
'Til far on in the night ;
Myself will waken you in time
To extinguish fire and light."

“ So we must early to our beds !
This looks not well,” thought she ;
Her woman’s sympathies were roused,
And curiosity.

“ These cruel men ! these cruel men !”
So Lydia Darrah thought ;
“ These cruel men ! these cruel men
What mischief they have wrought !”

She goes to bed, but not to sleep,
These words she seems to hear—
“ What does it mean ? what does it mean ?”
Still ringing in her ear.

She leaves her couch—with shoeless feet
Treads the dark passage o’er—
And up the stairs—and now she stands
Close at the parlor door !

But wherefore does the woman start,
As with a thrill of fear ?
Have words by her been caught that tell
Of coming danger near ?

“ These cruel men ! these cruel men !”
Good Lydia Darrah thought ;
“ These cruel men ! these cruel men !
What mischief they have wrought !”

“ Night after next, I’m sure it was ;
God willing, who shall say
But one as weak as I for once
Their bloody hands may stay ?”

Scarce had she reached her couch again,
When rap ! rap ! at the door ;
Her guests had come to waken her,
As fixed upon before.

Full many a rap the door they gave,
And many a lusty shake ;
The slumber must be sound, thought they,
Of one so hard to wake !

Good Lydia is up by times
And stirring, ere the day ;
The meal is out—the mill, she knows,
Is five long miles away.

A written pass is in her hand,
And on the road is she ;
And ne'er before that road by her
Was strode so rapidly.

The mill is reached—the bag is filled—
But why so brief a stay ?
And why toward the rebel camp
Now hurries she away ?

What horseman stops her in her course ?
Ah, Lydia ! well for thee
Thy gallant guests of yesternight
That meeting do not see !

Those words of thine, friend Lydia,
Must needs be words of weight,
To send that gallant off again
At such a rapid rate !

Now, Lydia and her bag of meal
Were safe at home once more,
And that day and the next passed by
As smoothly as before.

But, ah ! not wholly at her ease,
As late the evening grew,
Was Lydia, when the General sought
A private interview.

Was Lydia sure her household all
Had to their beds retired
When last his friends met at her house,
As he had then required ?

Quite sure was Lydia, very sure,
She saw them all abed ;
“ Have we a traitor in our camp ?
’T is very strange ! ” he said.

That Lydia was herself in bed
The General thought he knew,
He had himself to waken her
So very much ado.

“ To take the rebels by surprise
A plan had been devised ;
We found them ready when we came—
We, only, were surprised.

“ And so, like some deluded fools
On bootless errand sent,
Rode back, the jest of all the town,
As empty as we went ! ”

The cause of their discomfiture,
Though Lydia thought she knew,
Yet she, though woman as she was,
Could keep a secret, too.

But quiet Lydia said no more
Than she was asked to say;
And so, no wiser than he came,
The General went away.

Mrs. Van Alstine.

A LEGEND OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY.

The vale of the Mohawk is plunged in despair,
For the blood-thirsty Brandt and his band have
been there;

The blood of the mother the hearthstone has dyed,
While her innocent baby lies stretched at her side;
Defending his loved ones the father has bled,
And the daughter is into captivity led.

Who are those? who are those in yon swift gliding
sleigh,

Who over the snow-drifts are dashing away?
Now through the dark forest—now over the stream,
Where the frost king has thrown a strong bridge
for the team.

Now up the steep hillside—now over the plain,
And now the dark forest they enter again;
'Tis Mrs. Van Alstine, a heroine tried,

And a son of her own is the youth at her side ;
'Twas she, who, when murder and pillage were rife,
From the hand of the savage saved many a life.
They fly not from danger, they fly not through
fear,
Each moment brings danger more fearfully near.
Through that forest the savage his war-path has
made ;
The homes on its borders are desolate laid,
But little of danger these reckless ones heed —
For right to the savage's stronghold they speed.
Tho' 'scaping with life from the horrible scene,
That so fearful a death to so many had been ;
Their homes have been pillaged, their fields been
laid waste,
And now for redress to the spoiler they haste.
Now twenty long miles through the snow they have
passed,
And the savage's home is before them at last.
But why does this silence prevail ? Is there none
The fortress to guard, but yon moping old crone ?
Marauding and hunting the rest are away.
Now haste to your task, for not long may you
stay.
Nor long did they linger, and never I trow
Was that good sleigh so speedily loaded as now.
To seize, without process, no scruples had they,
Whate'er of their goods they could carry away,
While two noble steeds of their own they set free,
Well knowing at nightfall at home they would be.
Now haste ye ! now haste ye ! bold travelers back,
For soon will the savage foe be on your track.

But little of warning these daring ones need,
To turn their course homeward or urge them to
speed;

And little inclined do I warrant are they—
To lag on the journey or stop by the way;
No foes they encounter by roadside or hill,
No copse-wood or ravine the lurking foes fill;
In safety they pass through the forest again—
In safety they glide over river and plain—
In safety arrive at their own farmhouse door,
Where the horses await them they sent on before.
Now Mrs. Van Alstine, her two noble steeds,
To the barn whence the Indians had stolen them
leads;

But hardly secure has the barn-door been made,
When a hand on her shoulder in rudeness is laid;
When turning, three savages fierce met her view,
Whose bloodthirsty natures but too well she knew.
“The horses! the horses! restore them again,”
Said the leader, “all else thou hast taken retain.”
“The horses are mine,” the brave woman replied,
As she fearlessly thrust the fierce savage aside;
“The horses are mine; you shall have them no
more,”

She said as she stood with her back 'gainst the
door.

Now steps back the Indian, his rifle is raised,
Why does he not fire? why stands he amazed?
He looks at his victim, no terror is there!
Her dark eyes flash fire, her bosom is bare!

“There are spirits protecting that brave-hearted
one,”

The savage exclaimed, as he lowered his gun;
"If fifty like she in the valley had been,
No pillage or bloodshed that valley had seen."
With a shout of applause then the savages fled,
And that valley no more saw their visages dread.

Patriotism of Mrs. Mott.

A LEGEND OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mrs. Mott has a mansion new—
On yonder height has a mansion rare—
A lovelier spot you may seldom view,
But the British have made a stronghold there.

And Marion has besieged the place—
His tent is pitched on yonder hill;
Prepared for conflict or for chase,
His gallant men the valley fill.

Yet all the while the British sneer
At Marion's besieging host,
For Rawdon with his force is near,
To succor the beleaguered post.

"That fortress," General Marion said,
"Must ere the dawn of day be won;
Lord Rawdon comes to it with aid
Before the rising of the sun.

"And with but little waste of blood
We'll gain the point desired,
If yonder stately mansion can
(Which crowns the height) be fired."

The mansion-house stood fair to view,
Within a narrow, guarded field—
The house once fired, Marion knew,
The foe must either fight or yield.

“But if we fire yon house,” said Lee,
Whose post was on another height;
“Though we may strike an enemy,
We wound as well a friend to-night.”

But Mrs. Mott was a patriot true—
No one readier was than she
To do whatever a woman might do
To set her suff’ring country free.

“Spare not that mansion for my sake,
Nor think of me or mine,” she said;
“The sacrifice I gladly make,
If thus my country’s cause I aid.”

A bow with arrows then she brought,
A present rare from India far;
She took the arrows strangely wrought,
And dipped their heads in blazing tar.

“Now let yon roof your target be,”
“Nor fail to hit the mark,” she says;
“No sight will so much gladden me
As my own mansion in a blaze.”

The fiery shafts like lightning flew,
The sun-dried roof like tinder blazed;
A mighty bonfire start to view,
The country round beheld amazed.

In vain the British soldiers tried
To quench the all-devouring flame ;
For ever from the patriot's side
A well-directed volley came.

A white flag now the British raise
To us, a signal of their fall,
And e'er that bonfire ceased to blaze
Those haughty foes are prisoners all.

Mrs. Pond's Hasty-Pudding Party.

Of hasty-pudding Barlow sang,
And sweet was the song I know full well,
For all the land with its praises rang,
Where the lovers of hasting-pudding dwell.
But I sing of a hasty-pudding, I yeen,
Such as Barlow himself had never seen.

'Twas the morning after
The Lexington fight,
Weary and hungry
With marching all night,

All hearty good fellows,
An hundred or more,
Were commanded to halt
At a farm-house door.

A maid-servant answered
The ring at the gate,
Beseeching our captain
His wishes to state.

"We're weary and hungry
With marching," he said,
"Can you furnish a breakfast
For us, pretty maid."

"O, what," said the maid,
"Are we going to do ?"
There is no one at home,
Mrs. Pond, but you.

"None but you and myself,
And the plowman Ben !
O, what shall we do ?"
She repeated again.

"Our bacon is almost
Exhausted, you know,
The beets, the potatoes,
And turnips are low.

"We have not a pudding
Or pie in the house,
Nor cheese enough
For famishing mouse.

"We are out of sugar,
And butter, and bread,
And here an hundred
Stout men to be fed !"

Then spoke the good mistress—

“We’ll see, we shall she,
There’s never a will
But a way there must be.

“Of Colonel Pond’s wife

No one ever shall say
She sent from her door
Brave men hungry away.

“They shall have hasty-pudding

’Tis soonest prepared,
The best of us oft
Have less sumptuously fared.

“There’s meal in the gran’ry

As yellow as gold,
I’ve a kettle, at least,
Twenty gallons will hold.

“I’ve ten good cows ready

To yield their rich tide,
Our neighbors will lend
What is needed beside.

“The stock of our good friend,

The store-keeper nigh,
With plenty of spoons
And brown basins supply.

“Light the fire, my dear girl,

There’s no time for delay,
Send Ben with the pails
To the neighbors away.

“ Our guests are no chickens,
Or children to feed ;
They'll lend us, I'll warrant,
A hand in our need.”

And a hand we did lend,
With a hearty good will,
Cutting wood, drawing water,
The kettle to fill :

Or stirring the pudding,
Or tending the fire,
Or milking the cows,
As the case might require.

An hundred stout men
Seated all on the green,
With a bowl of milk each,
Was a sight to be seen.

While hot golden pudding,
That swam in the tide,
With no stinted hand
To the guests was supplied.

That milk ! and that pudding !
Such praises it won !
And never to fare
Better justice was done.

With such exquisite grace
Did our hostess preside,
None could feel more at home
By his own fireside.

Our banquet completed
We rose to depart,
With thanks and good wishes
That came from the heart.

And such three hearty cheers
As we gave when we went,
Ne'er before in that valley
The morning air rent.

O, many the years that have since rolled away,
And toilsome and weary life's journey has been;
Yet fondly does mem'ry still dwell on that day,
And often does fancy still picture the scene.

The Battle of the Bees.

O, many strange things were brought to view,
In those days of dread, said the bard of eld;
Yet never but one attack, I knew,
By a hive of furious bees repelled.

Full often by woman's wit was done
What the courage of man had failed to do.
But that of which I would speak is one
Of woman's wit and her courage, too.

'T was in Schoharie the block-house stood;
There were many such throughout the land,
When the savage foes in the pathless wood
Found easy shelter on every hand.

The men had gone in search of the foe —
A foe they knew was lurking about ;
Their wives and children they thought could know
No harm, meanwhile, in a place so stout.

But the foes they sought for all the while,
Hard by in ambush had lain in wait ;
And they had seen, with a fiendish smile,
The fortress's unprotected state.

Thirsting for blood the savages came,
With Tories no less cruel than they,
Madly vowing that sword and flame
Should spare neither old nor young that day.

One man alone at the place had staid,
And he by a random bullet fell ;
That the women could look for no further aid
The cunning savages knew full well.

But the walls were thick and the bolts were stout,
And kept the savages long at bay,
Till with spades and shovels they set about —
By undermining to make their way.

“ The hand of heaven alone can save
Us now from the foe,” the matrons cried ;
When up spoke a youthful maiden brave —
“ Heaven sends a weapon we have not tried.”

Then from a shelf in a corner nigh,
She carefully lifted a hive of bees ;
“ Now,” she said, “ we'll let the blood-hounds try
If their cunning can master such foes as these.”

Among the besiegers she threw the bees ;
O, what a scampering then was there :
They had not counted on foes like these,
And they knew not how many such foes there
were.

About them the little insects flew,
Stinging their lips, their noses, their ears,
Piercing their light garments through and through,
Filling the eyes with painful tears.

Stung in their faces, and stung in their feet,
The Indians raved and the Tories swore ;
Never was seen a more hasty retreat,
And never was fortress so saved before.

In terror they threw down musket and spade,
So sadly beset by the bees were they ;
And more was done by these insects, 't was said,
Than twenty good guns could have done that day.

The Old Fort Lee Homestead.

O, wild is the spot, with its crags and its forest,
But holier the charm that endears it to me—
The cherished old homestead, the blessed old homestead
That sheltered my boyhood still stands at Fort Lee.

I love every nook, every streamlet and fountain ;
I greet an old friend in each time-honored tree,
And O ! what a treasure the mem'ries that cluster
Around the old homestead that stands at Fort Lee !

The Hudson, all pure from its home in the mountain,
As lingering awhile on its way to the sea,
Kissed the roses and pinks in my grandmother's garden,
While lovingly loving the shores of Fort Lee.

There my grandsire dwelt in those dark days of trial,
When brave hearts were striving their country to free ;
There the chief of them all by that grandsire was welcomed,
And blessed the old homestead that stands at Fort Lee.

And when the fierce Hessians had seized on his
dwelling,

While all must a prey to their ruthless hands be;
They swore the king's health should be drunk by
the rebel,

Or a grave he should find 'neath his home at
Fort Lee.

But when from his cellar a bumper they fill'd him,

"Confusion to tyrants wherever they be;

Success to our chief and his patriot army,"

Was the toast of the fearless old man at Fort Lee!

Full many are they, who, for comfort and shelter,
When forced from their homes by oppression
to flee,

With hearts overflowing, have thanked the good
people—

Who honored the homestead that stands at Fort
Lee.

Long, long, may the stranger still find there a
shelter,—

Far, far, be the day that its ruin shall see;

While we in remembrance shall treasure it ever,

And bless the old homestead that stood at Fort
Lee!

Montgomery, the Hero of Quebec.

He fell amid the conflict,
The leader of a band,
The glory of whose prowess
Resounds throughout the land.

Go call the greenest laurel,
And twine a wreath to deck
The brow of brave MONTGOMERY,
The hero of Quebec!

He was one of those spirits
Who danger gladly greet,
And who achieve renown
Mid disaster and defeat ;
And tho' they boast a victory,
Yet fearful was the check
The haughty Briton's pride met from
MONTGOMERY at Quebec.

Though many are the brave ones
Our country's annals boast,
And coming generations
May make their names a host,
The brave shall cease to win our praise,
Our nation be a wreck,
Ere we forget MONTGOMERY,
The hero of Quebec.

Battle of the Kegs, 1778.

[This ballad, together with all that follow, were written and sung by our fathers of the Revolution, and we introduce them with pleasure in this beautiful collection from Mr. Hagan's pen.]

Gallants, attend, and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty ;
Strange things I'll tell which late befel
In Philadelphia city.
'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood
And saw a thing surprising :
As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The thing can't be denied, sir,
He 'spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.
A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, "some mischief's brewing ;
These kegs, I'm told, these rebels hold,
Pack'd up like pickled herring,
And they've come down to attack the town
In this new way of ferrying."
The soldier flew—the sailor, too,
And scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted,—
And some ran here and others there,
Like men almost distracted.
Some fire eried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked ;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.
Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a-shoring,
Nor dreamed of harm as he lay warm
In bed with ————
Now in affright he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter,
He rubs his eyes and boldly cries—
“For God’s sake, what’s the matter ?”
At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erksine at command, sir ;
Upon one foot he had one boot
And t’other in his hand, sir.
“Arise ! arise !” Sir Erksine cries,
“The rebels—more’s the pity—
Without a boat are all afloat
And rayed before the city ;
The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Packed up in bags or wooden kegs
Come driving down the tide, sir.
Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted.”

The royal band now ready stand
All 'ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomachs stout to see it out
And make a bloody day, sir.
The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.
The rebel dales—the rebel vales—
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.
The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter,—
Why, sure, thought they, the devil's to pay
'Mongst folks above the water.
The kegs, 't is said, though strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose those powerful foes—
The conquering British troops, sir.
From morn till night these men of might
Displayed amazing courage,
And when the sun was fairly down
Retired to sup their porridge.
An hundred men with each a pen
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few
Their valor to record, sir.
Such feats did they perform that day
Against those wicked kegs, sirs,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sirs.

Chester, 1778.

A HYMN.

Let tyrants shake their iron rod
And slavery clank her galling chains,
We fear them not, we trust in God—
New England's God forever reigns.
Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, too,
With Prescott and Cornwallis joined,
Together plot our overthrow,
In one infernal league combined.
When God inspired us for the fight,
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forc'd,
Their ships were shattered in our sight,
Or swiftly driven from our coast.
The foe comes on with haughty stride,
Our troops advance with martial noise;
Their veterans flee before our youth,
And generals yield to beardless boys.
What grateful offering shall we bring?
What shall we render to the Lord?
Loud hallelujahs let us sing,
And praise his name on every chord.

Paddy's Epistle to the Troops in Boston.

By my faith, but I think ye're all makers of bulls,
With your brains in your breeches, your — in
your skulls;

Get home with your muskets, and put up your
swords,

And look in your books for the meaning of words.
You see now, my honies, how much you're mis-
taken,

For Concord by dis-cord can never be beaten.

How brave ye went out with your muskets all
bright,

And thought to befrighten the folks with the sight;
But, when you got there, how they powdered your
pums,

And all the way home how they pepper'd your
—; €

And is it not, honies, a comical crack,
To be proud in the face, and be shot in the back.

How come ye to think, now, they did not know
how

To be after their firelocks as smartly as you?
Why, you see now, my honies, 'tis nothing at all
But to pull at the trigger, and pop goes the ball.

And what have you got now, with all your design-
ing,

But a town without victuals to sit down and dine
in,

And to look on the ground, like a parcel of noodles,
And sing how the Yankees have beaten the Doo-
dles.

I'm sure, if you're wise, you'll make peace for a
dinner,

For fighting and fasting will soon make you thinner!

The Gamester.

A NEW SONG WRITTEN AFTER THE DEFEAT OF
BURGOYNE.

West of the old Atlantic firm Liberty stands;
Hov'ring Fame just alighted supported by bands
Of native free-born, who loudly echoing sing
"We'll support our just rights 'gainst tyrannic
kings!"

Caral-laddy, caral-laddy, &c.

George the Third she disowns, and his proud lordly
cheats,
His murdering legions and half-famished fleets;
To the Jerseys sneaked off with fear quite dis-
may'd,
Although they much boasted, that fighting's their
trade.

Our just rights to assert hath the Congress oft
tried,
Whose wisdom and strength our opponents deride;
And still madly in rage their weak thunder is hurl'd
To bring us on our knees and to bully the world.

Too haughty to yield, yet too weak to withstand,
They skulk to their ships and leave us the firm
land ;

In dread lest they share what Jack Burgoyne did
feel,

And the game be quite lost as poor Jack had lost
deal.

Jack thinking of "cribbage," "all fours," or of
"put,"

With a dexterous hand he did shuffle and cut,—
And when likely to lose, like a sharper they say,
Did attempt to renege — I mean run away,

But watched so closely he could not play booty,
Yet to cheat he fain would for George.— 'twas his
duty ;

A great bet depending on that single game,
Dominion and honor — destruction and shame.

Examined with care his most critical hand ;
At a loss if better to beg or to stand ;
His tricks reckon'd up, for all sharpeners can jangle,
Then kick'd up a dust for his favorite wrangle.

'T was diamond cut diamond, spades were of no
use

But to dig up the wages for surrender and truce,—
For he dreaded the hand that dealt out such
thumps,

As the hearts were run out and clubs were then
trumps.

Thus he met with the rubbers as the game it turn'd
out,—

Poor Jack, although beat, made a damnable rout,
Complained he was cheated and pompously talks,
Quit the game with a curse while he rubb'd out the
chalks.

But, see! a cloud bursts and a seraph appears —
Loud trumpeting peace while in blood to their ears,
With bulls and with pardons for us on submission,
To BULL us and GULL us by THEIR SHAM COMMIS-
SION.

The haughty great George then to peace is now
prone,

A bully when matched can soon alter his tone ;
'T is the act of a Briton to bluster and threaten,
HANGS HIS TAIL LIKE A SPANIEL WHEN HAND-
SOMELY BEATEN.

Charge your glasses lip-high—to brave Washington
sing.

To the Union so glorious the whole world shall ring ;
May their councils in wisdom and valor unite,
And the men ne'er be wrong who so far are right.

The great Doctor Franklin the next glass must
claim,

Whose electrical rod strikes terror and shame ;
Like Moses who caused Pharaoh's heart-strings to
grumble,

Shock'd George on his throne, his magicians made
humble.

To Gates and to Arnold with bumpers we'll join,
And to all our brave troops who took gambling

Burgoyne.

May their luck still increase as they 'vo turn'd
upon Jack,

To cut and turn up all the knaves in the pack. *

* The Earl of Dartmouth asked an American in London of how many members the Congress consisted. To which the reply was "fifty-two." "Why, that is the number of cards in a pack; how many knaves are there?" said his lordship. "Not one," replied the American. "Please to recollect that **KNAVES ARE COURT CARDS.**"

Liberty's Call.

High on the banks of Delaware
Fair Liberty she stood ;
And waving with her lovely hand,
Cried — “ Still, thou roaring flood.

“ Be still, ye winds — be still, ye seas,
Let only zephyrs play ! ”

Just as she spoke they all obeyed,
And thus the maid did say :

“ Welcome, my friends, from every land
Where freedom doth not reign ;
Oh ! hither fly from every clime
Sweet liberty to gain !

“ Mark Londonderry's brave defence
'Gainst tyranny that swayed ;
Americans, the example's great !
Like them be not dismayed.

“ Expect not that on downy beds
This boon you can secure, —
At perils smile, rouse up your souls !
War's dangers to endure.

“ 'Gainst your affronted land behold
Oppression rear its head,
In hydra-form and battle's din
Each trembling slave to dread.

“ But ye, its sons, will ne’er give up
Your parent fires till death ;
Behold yon beauteous virgins seek
Laurels your brows to wreath.

“ Bear on your minds the noble deeds
Your ancestors achieved,—
How many worthy Britons bled.
To have their children freed !

“ See on the meteors of the night
Their spirits wanly fly !
Roused from the grave by your distress ;
Hark ! thus I heard them cry :

“ Was it for this, ye mothers dear !
Ye nursed your tender babes ?
Was it for this, our yet-loved sons !
We sheathed our trusty blades ?

“ O ! genius of our ancient times !
Be thou our children’s guide ;
To arms ! to arms ! They call to arms,
And stalk in martial pride.

“ I will then guide, ye reverend sires !
Go to your tombs in peace ;
The rage of proud usurping men
Your sons shall yet repress.

“ Hold up your heads, ye weeping fair !
Their swords are on their thighs ;
Smile yet again, ye lovely babes !
Their banner ’s in the skies.

" I come, I come, to join your train,
Heaven's ministers I see ;
Farewell, my friends, be not afraid,
Be virtuous and be free !"

Heaven's portals opened as she soared,
And angels thence did come ;
With heavenly songs and golden harps
The Goddess welcomed home.

The Taxed Tea "Dished."

As near beauteous Boston lying
On the gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pendant flying,
Three ill-fated tea-ships rode.

Just as glorious Sol was setting.
On the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of freedom, fear forgetting,
Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, axe, and chisels,
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Toward the herbage-freighted vessels
They approached with dreadful speed.

O'er their heads, aloft in mid-sky,
Three bright angel forms were seen :
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you'll banish,
Soon the triumph shall be won ;
Scarce shall setting Phœbus vanish,
Ere the deathless deed be done."

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst and chests displayed,
Axes, hammers, help afforded ;
What a glorious crash they made.

Squash into the deep descended,
Cursed weed of China's coast;
Thus at once our fears were ended,
British rights shall ne'er be lost.

Captains! once more hoist your streamers,
Spread your sails and plough the wave;
Tell your masters they were dreamers
When they thought to cheat the brave.

Parody on the "Banks of the Dee."

'Twas winter, and blue Tory noses were freezing
As they marched o'er the land where they ought
not to be ;

The valiants complain'd at the fifer's curs'd
wheezing,

And wish'd they'd remain'd on the banks of the
Dee.

Lead on, thou paid captain ! tramp on, thou proud
minions !

Thy ranks, basest men, shall be strung like ripe
onions,

For here thou hast found heads with warlike
opinions

On the shoulders of men who ne'er saw the Dee.

Prepare for war's conflict ; or make preparation

For peace with the rebels, for they're brave and
glee ;

Keep mindful of dying and leave the foul nation

That sends out its armies to brag and to flee.

Make haste, now, and leave us, thou miscreant
Tories !

To Scotland repair—there court the sad houris,
And listen once more to their complaints and their
stories

Concerning the "glory and pride of the Dee."

Be quiet and sober, secure and contented,—
Upon your land be valiant and free;
Bless God that the war is so nicely prevented,
And till the green fields on the banks of the
Dee.

The Dee then will flow, all its beauty displaying,
The lads on its banks will again be seen playing,
And England thus honestly taxes defraying,
With natural drafts from the banks of the Dee.

Address to the Traitor.

Arnold ! the name as heretofore,
Shall now be Benedict no more ;
Since, instigated by the devil,
Thy ways are turned from good to evil.

'T is fit we brand thee with a name,
To suit thy infamy and shame ;
And since of treason thou 'rt convicted,
Thy name shall now be maledicted ;

Unless, by way of contradiction,
We style thee Britain's Benediction.
Such blessings she, with liberal hand,
Confers on this devoted land.

For instance, only let us mention
Some proofs of her benign intention :
The slaves she sends us o'er the deep,
The bribes to cut our throats in sleep,
To take our lives and scalps away
The savage Indians keeps in pay,
And Tories worse, by half, than they.

Then, in this class of British heroes—
The Tories, savage Indians, negroes—
Recorded, Arnold's name shall stand
While Freedom's blessings crown our land,
And, odious for the blackest crimes,
Arnold shall stink to latest times.

Song.

**SUNG BEFORE GENERAL SULLIVAN AFTER THE
BATTLE OF TRENTON.**

Hark ! the loud drums ; hark ! the shrill trumpet-
call to arms,

Come, Americans, come, prepare for war's alarms.

Whilst in array we stand,

What soldier dare to land ?

Sure in the attempt to meet his doom—

A leaden death or a watery tomb.

We, Americans, so brave o'er the land or the
waves,

All invaders defy. We'll repulse them or die ;

We scorn to live as slaves.

Recall the days wherein our fathers bravely fought,

And, crown'd with praise, they patriot glory sought,

Bid their high deeds inspire,

Bid Magna Charta fire.

Greatly they labored for our good,

All sorts of tyranny withstood.

All these we despise, on our courage rely,

For what American so base would his country dis-
grace

And from his colors fly,

No party spite no more our measures will oppose,
For all unite against our insulting foes.

All then in chorus sing,

And let your voices ring.

Fill unto Sullivan the flowing bowl,

Hand it to each gallant soul,

Raise patriot flame, his glory proclaim

Who his sword boldly draws in his country's cause

And wins an endless name.

Soliloquy of George Third.

FREYNEAU.

Oh ! blast this Congress, blast each upstart State
On whose commands ten thousand warriors wait !
From various climes that dire assembly came,
True to their trust, yet hostile to my fame.
'Tis these, ah ! these have ruined half my sway,
Disgrac'd my arms, and led my realm astray.

France aids them now—I play a desperate game—
And sunburnt Spain they say will do the same.
My armies vanquished, and my heroes fled,
My people murmuring, and my commerce dead,
My shattered navy, pelted, bruis'd, and clubb'd,
By Dutchmen bullied, and by Frenchmen drubb'd.

My name abhorr'd, my nation in disgrace,
What should I do in such a mournful case ?
My hopes and joys are vanished with my coin,
My ruined army, and my lost Burgoyne !
What shall I do ? Confess my labors vain,
Or whet my tusks and to the charge again ?

But where's my force, my choicest troops are fled,
Some thousands crippled, and a myriad dead.

If I were owned the stoutest of mankind,
And Hell with all her rage inspired my mind,
Could I at once with France and Spain contend,
And fight the rebels on the world's green end?

Yet rogues and savage tribes I must employ,
And what I cannot conquer will destroy.

Is there a robber close in Newgate hemm'd?

Is there a cutthroat fettered and condemn'd?

Haste, loyal slaves, to George's standard come,
Attend his lectures when you hear the drum.

Your chains I break, for better days prepare,
Come out, my friends, from prison and from care.

Far to the west I plan your desperate way,
There 't is no sin to ravage, burn, and slay;

Then, without fear, your bloody trade pursue

And show mankind what British rage can do.

Ye daring hosts that crowd Columbia's shore,
Tremble, ye traitors! and exult no more.

Flames I will hurl with an unceasing hand

Till fires eternal blaze throughout your land,

And every dome and every town expires,

And traitors perish in the unfeeling fires.

But hold! though this be all my soul's desire,

Will my own towns be proof to rebel fire?

If, in revenge, my raging foes should come

And burn my London, it would strike me dumb

To see my children and my queen in tears

And these tall piles come tumbling round my ears.

Curs'd be the day when I first saw the sun —
 Curs'd be the hour when I this war begun ! —
 The friends of darkness then inspired my mind,
 And powers unfriendly to the human kind ;
 My future years I consecrate to woe ;
 For this great loss my soul in tears shall flow.
 To wasting grief and sullen rage a prey,
 To Scotland's utmost verge I take my way ;
 With Nature's storms eternal concert keep,
 And while her billows rage as fiercely weep.
 Oh ! let the earth my rugged fate bemoan,
 And give, at least, one sympathising groan.

The Etiquette. 1779.

What though America doth pour
Her millions to Britannia's store,
Quoth Glenville, "that wo n't do—for yet
Taxation is the etiquette."

The tea destroyed, the offer made,
That all the loss should be repaid;
North asks not justice nor the debt,
But he must have the etiquette.

He'd stop their post—annul their laws,
"Hear us," said Franklin, "for our cause!"
To hear the accus'd the Senate met,
Decreed 't was not the etiquette.

At Bunker Hill the cause was tried,
The earth with British blood was dyed;
Our army, though 't was soundly beat,
We hear bore off the etiquette.

The bond dissolved—the people rose—
Their rulers from themselves they chose;
Their Congress then at naught was set,
Its name was not the etiquette.

Though 't were to stop the tide of blood
Their titles must not be allowed,
(Not to the chiefs of armies met,)
One Arnold was the etiquette.

The Yankees at Long Island found
That they were nearly run aground ;
Howe let them 'scape when so beset,
He will explain the etiquette.

His aid-de-camps to Britain boast
Of battles Yankees never lost ;
But they are won in the *Gazette* —
That saves the nation's etiquette.

Clinton his injured honor saw,
Swore he'd be tried by martial law,
And kick Germaine where 'er they met ;
A ribbon saved that etiquette.

Though records speak Germaine's disgrace,
To quote them to him to his face,
(The Commons now are — *si honnete*),
They voted not the etiquette.

Of Saratoga's dreadful plain —
An army ruined ; why complain ?
To pile their arms as they were let,
Sure they came off with etiquette !

Cries Burgoyne — " They may be reliev'd ;
That army still may be retrieved,
To see the king if I be let."
" No, sir ; 't is not the etiquette."

God save the King ! and should he choose
His people's confidence to lose,
What matters it ? they 'll not forget
To serve him still — through etiquette.

Lines to Britain. 1777.

Blush, Britain! blush at thy inglorious war,
This civil contest, this ignoble jar;
Think how unjustly you've begun the fray,
With cruel measures rous'd America.

To arms! each swain must leave the peaceful field,
And 'gainst his brethren lift the sword and shield;
Their spacious commerce now in ruin lies,
And through their land the hostile banner flies.

Britain, what laurel canst thou hope to gain?
Can any action give a hero fame?
In brother's blood our soldier's hands imbued,
And barb'rous hostiles by our chiefs pursued.

Afflicting Britain, thus to spoil thy name,
Defeat's a scandal — conquest but a shame;
Our senators all lost in dire excess,
Lovers of pleasure, luxury, and dress.

Almighty Ruler! stretch thy potent hand,
And o'er Britannia wave the olive wand;
Preserve our nation from the impending fate,
Drive clouds of Scotchmen from the British State.
Fair Peace descend with all thy prosperous train,
And spread thy blessings o'er our spacious plain.

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